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Man cannot help looking forward beyond the grave; and cannot, if he would, divest his mind of fear of what *may* follow.

Thus, God compels us to *feel*, respecting a life to come.

The sense of sin and guilt is God's own handwriting upon our souls within, that He has appointed a day, in which he will judge the world.

And with respect to His own goodness, "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from Heaven, filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv. 17. And mankind has acknowledged that witness.

A great society of people, called His "Church," has existed for 1800 years. That Church has preserved and handed down to us a Book which claims to have come from God. We can trace that society, and THAT Book, in every age. WE KNOW that we have that Book, just as it was written, some of it 1800 years ago, some of it 3,300 years ago.

TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO, when Egypt was the mightiest kingdom of the earth—ruling over the nations, and bidding fair to rule over them for ever—executing works and buildings which remain to this day as the wonder of the world—works that never have been, and never will be equalled in the world—THAT Book declared of Egypt, "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations: for I will diminish them, that they shall *no more rule over the nations*. . . . *There shall be no more a Prince of the land of Egypt*."—Ezekiel xxix. 15; xxx. 13.

FOR TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED years, up to this present day, Egypt, that once mighty kingdom, has been in subjection to all the nations round in turn; and has never had an independent government or Prince of its own!

BABYLON was the greatest imperial city the world has ever seen; and while it was at the height of its greatness, THAT Book declared of it, "The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein; and it shall be *no more inhabited for ever*: neither shall it be dwelt in *from generation to generation*."—Jeremiah l. 39.

FOR TWO THOUSAND years, Babylon, that mighty city, has been a desert—a howling wilderness. It is so at this day. It will be so for ever, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED years ago our Saviour said—"Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."—Luke xxi. 24.

TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED years ago, THE Book had said—"Thus saith the Lord, which giveth the sun for a light by day, and the ordinances of the moon and of the stars for a light by night, which divideth the sea when the waves thereof roar; the Lord of Hosts is his name: IF those ordinances depart from before me, saith the LORD, then the seed of Israel also shall cease from being a nation before me for ever."—Jeremiah xxxi. 35, 36.

It would seem impossible, according to all human experience, that those two prophecies should BOTH come true; that a country should be trodden down by its enemies for so many ages, and yet, that the people of that country should never cease to be a nation! No such thing has ever happened in the history of the world.

Yet, BOTH these prophecies have been fulfilled. FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED years, Jerusalem has been trodden down by the Gentile nations; yet, the Jews, the seed of Israel, though driven out of their own country, and scattered throughout every nation under heaven, have *no more* ceased to be a nation than the sun, or the moon, or the stars have ceased to shine.

Upon that prophecy of our Saviour, the truth

of God and the powers of Satan have been fairly tried.

About the year 361 there arose an emperor of Rome—JULIAN, THE APOSTATE. Of him, in respect of his political wisdom and power, it has been truly said by Montesquieu that, "since his day, there has not been a prince more worthy to govern mankind." A Christian he had been—an infidel he became. He made it the object of his reign and empire to extinguish Christianity, by proving Christ an impostor. He fixed upon that prophecy about Jerusalem, and undertook to falsify it, by rebuilding the Temple at Jerusalem and restoring the Jews. A Christian Bishop of Jerusalem, St. Cyril, like the prophet on Mount Carmel, called on the world to witness and abide by the result.—Socrates, Eccl. Hist. lib. iii., c. 20.

All the power of this world was at command to accomplish what Christ had said should not be done. The workmen commenced their labours. The earth quaked under their feet: the flames burst forth from the foundations they had opened. The work was abandoned before the hand of God!

And then that Christian bishop stood forth before his congregation on Mount Zion: with uplifted hand he pointed to the Temple, and exclaimed—"Behold the Temple of the Jews: God hath destroyed it; have men been able to rebuild it?" And, pointing then to his hearers, the living stones of a spiritual Temple, he exclaimed—"Behold the Church of Christ: God hath established her; have men been able to destroy her?"

Since that day FIFTEEN centuries have rolled away. Jerusalem is still trodden down of the Gentiles, yet the seed of Israel has not ceased to be a nation.

The historian Gibbon, the most learned historian the world has produced—himself an infidel—who wrote his history to make a mock at God—has acknowledged the failure of the Emperor Julian; and has declared that the proofs of the miracle "should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind."—History of the Decline and Fall, chap. 23.

Even the infidelity of man has borne witness to God.

Let the world now judge between those who would falsify the words of Christ, and those who put their trust in them.

The proofs of the truth of THAT Book, are more than we can number. ONE there is greater and more precious than any we have given—its power to reveal to man his inmost thoughts; the approval it exacts from his noblest feelings; its capability of supplying every want and aspiration which an immortal spirit is capable of entertaining. We may return hereafter to this best and noblest proof. We must be satisfied for the present to rest upon what St. Peter calls "the sure word of prophecy" (2 Peter i. 19) in proof that THE Book is indeed given by the inspiration of HIM who holds in his hand all the kingdoms of the earth, and ruleth all things after the counsel of his own will.

THAT Book is the source and foundation of our faith; and it is the object of all our labours that it should be a sure and firm foundation for the faith of all our fellow-countrymen.

This is the Book of which some Roman Catholics do tell us, that we could never have known whether it were truly the Word of God or no, unless the Pope of Rome had been pleased to tell us so!

But we say of the Pope of Rome, and of every living man to whom the Word of God has come, that the Word which God has spoken, THAT WORD shall judge him at the last day.—John xii. 48.

Let none of our readers now suppose or fear that our arguments against the superstitions or

inventions of men are designed, or are likely, to shake or to unsettle their faith. Our object and our work is for this alone—that every imposture, every superstition, every invention of man, should fall before the truth of God, in order that the Word of Him who cannot lie may stand, and be established, for ever and ever.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In consequence of the considerable number of Subscriptions still unpaid, the publisher will, henceforward, be obliged to discontinue the paper to such *Subscribers* as are in arrear. A Blue Cover will, it is hoped, be taken as a sufficient notification. We have already more than once explained the difficulty of making special applications.

#### CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

SUCH of our readers as have not had the advantage of visiting the Eternal City themselves, will, we think, read with interest the following extracts from the Rev. J. A. Wylie's recent work, entitled "Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber,"\* a volume well worthy of the serious attention of all who desire to know the results of Romanism on the political and social condition of those who live under its sway:—

"Rome, like all other great capitals, is placed on a site worthy of her greatness and renown. No one needs to be told that the seat of that city which, for so many ages, held the sceptre of the world, is the Campagna di Roma.

"I need not dwell on the magnificence of that truly imperial plain, to which nature has given, in a country of hills, dimensions so goodly. From the foot of the Apennines it runs on and on for upwards of a hundred miles, till it meets the Neapolitan frontier at Terracina. Its breadth from the Volscian hills to the sea cannot be less than forty miles. Towards the head of this great plain lies Rome, than which a finer site could nowhere have been found. By nature it is most fertile; its climate is delicious. A boundary of glorious hills encloses it on all sides save the south-west. On the south-east are the gentle Volscians, clothed with flourishing woods, and sparkling with villas. Running up along the plain, and lying due east of Rome, are the Sabine hills, of a deep azure colour, with a fine mottling of light and shade upon their sides. Shutting in the plain on the north, and sweeping round in a magnificent bend towards the west, are the craggy and romantic Apennines. Such was the stage on which sat invincible, eternal Rome. This plain was traversed, moreover, by thirty three highways, which connected the city with every quarter of the habitable globe. Its surface exhibited the richest cultivation. From side to side it was covered with gardens and vineyards, in the verdure and blossoms of an eternal spring; amid which rose the temples of the gods of Rome, the trophies of her warriors, the tombs and monuments of her legislators and orators, and the villas and rural retreats of her senators and merchants. Indeed this plain would seem, in imperial times, to have been one vast city, stretching out from the white strand of the Mediterranean to the summit of the Volscian hills."

What is its state now?

"I had seated myself in front of the vehicle, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of St. Peter's, as its dome should emerge above the plain; but so wretched were our cattle that, though we started at mid-day, and had only fifty miles of road, night fell long before we reached the gates of the Eternal City. I saw the country well, however, so long as daylight lasted. We kept in sight of the shore for twenty-five miles, and glad I was of it; for the waves, with their crest of snow, and voice of thunder, seemed old friends, and I shuddered to think of plunging into that black silent wilderness on the left. At the gates of Civita Vecchia the desolation begins; and such desolation! I had often read that the Campagna was desolate—I had come there expecting to find it desolate—but when I saw that desolation I was confounded. I cannot describe it; it must be seen to be conceived of. It is not that it is silent; the Highlands of Scotland are so. It is not that it is barren; the sands of Arabia are so. They are as they were, and should be. But not so the Campagna. There is something unnatural about its desolation. A statue is as still, as silent, and as cold as the corpse; but, then, it never had life; and while you gaze on the one, the other chills you to the heart. So is it with the Campagna. While the sands of the desert exhilarate you, and the silence of the Swiss or Scottish Highlands are felt to be sublime, the desolation of the Campagna is felt to be unnatural; it overawes and terrifies you. Such a void in the heart of Europe, and that, too, in a land which was the home of art—where war accumulated her spoils, and wealth her treasures—and which gave letters and laws to the surrounding world—is unspeakably confounding. One's faith is staggered in the past history of the country. The first glance of the blackened bosom of the Campagna makes one feel as if he had retrograded to the barbarous ages, or had been carried thousands and thousands of miles from home and set down in a savage country, where the arts had

\* Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot, 15, Prince's-street. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

not yet been invented or civilization dawned. Its surface is rough and uneven, as if it had been tumbled about at some former period; it is dotted with wild bushes, and here and there lonely mounds rise to diversify it. There are no houses on it, save the post-houses, which are square, tower-like buildings, having the stables below, and the dwellings above. It has its patches of grass, on which herds depasture, followed by men clothed in sheepskins and goatskins, and looking as savage almost as the animals they tend. It is, in short, a wilderness, and more frightful than the other wildernesses of the earth, because the traveller feels that here is the hand of doom. The land lies scathed and blackened under the curse of the Almighty. As the night grew late, the inquiries became more frequent—'Are we not yet at Rome?' We were not yet at Rome; but we did all that men could with four, and sometimes six, half-starved animals, bestrode by drowsy postillions, to reach it. Now we were labouring in deep roads, now fording impetuous torrents, and now getting along on the hard pavement of the Via Auralia. By the glimpses of the moon we could see the milestones by the roadside, with Rome upon them. Seldom has writing thrilled me so. To find a name which fills history, and which for thirty centuries has extorted the homage of the world, and still awes it, written thus upon a common milestone, and standing there amid the tempest on the roadside, had in it something of the sublime. Was it, then, a reality, and not a dream? and should I, in a very short time, be in Rome itself—that city which had been the theatre of so many events of world-wide influence, and which, for so many ages, had borne sway over all the kings and kingdoms of the earth?"

We cannot at present find room to give our readers any idea of what our author saw in "the Eternal City," for we are only treating of the country surrounding it—the CAMPAGNA DI ROMA. That the state of Rome is not one of surpassing prosperity, may, however, be collected from what follows:—

"The commerce of Italy is extinct. The Italians produce nothing for export. There are no factories, no mining operations, no ship-building, no public works, no printing-presses, no tools of trade. They make nothing but a few articles of *verru*, and even in those arts, foreigners excel them. The best sculptors and painters at Rome are Englishmen. As regards their soil, which might send its wheat, and wine, and olives, all delicious naturally, to every part of the world, its harvests are now able but to feed the few men who live in the country. The wide waste of the Campagna di Roma is of the richest soil, and, spread out beneath the warm sun, might mingle on its surface the fruits of the torrid with those of the temperate zone. As to imposts, the Pontiff has enclosed his territory with a triple wall of protective duties and monopolies, to keep out the foreign merchant; and thus not only are the Romans forbidden to labour for themselves, but they are prevented profiting by the labour of others. There is a monopoly of sugar-refining, a monopoly of salt-making, and, in short, of everything which the Romans most need. These monopolies are held by the favourites of the government; and though generally the houses that hold them are either unwilling or unable to make more than a tenth part of what the Romans would require, no other establishment can produce these articles, and they cannot be imported but at a ruinous duty.

"In the absence of trade there is a proportionate amount of idleness; and that idleness, in its turn, breeds beggary, vagabondism, and crime. The French Prefect, Mr. Whiteside tells us, published a statistical account of Rome; and how many paupers, does he say, there are in it? Why, not fewer than thirty thousand. Thirty thousand paupers in one city, and that city, in its usual state of but about a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants! Subtract the priests, the English residents, and the French soldiers, and every third man is a beggar.

"I was fortunate enough, one evening, to meet in a certain shop in Rome, an intelligent Roman, willing to talk to me on the state of the country. The shopkeeper, as soon as he found the turn the conversation had taken, discreetly stepped out, and left it all to ourselves. 'I never, in all my life,' I remarked, 'saw a city in which I found so many beggars. The people seem to have nothing to do, and nothing to eat. There are here some hundred thousand of you cooped up within these old walls, and one half the population do nothing all day long but whine at the heels of the English travellers, or hang on at the doors of the convents, waiting their one meal a day. Why is this? Outside the walls is a magnificent plain, which, were it cultivated, would feed ten Romes, instead of one. Why don't you take picks, or spades, or ploughs—anything you can lay hands on—and go out to that plain, and dig it, and plant it, and sow it, and reap it, and eat and drink, and be merry?' 'Ah! so we would,' said he. 'Then, why don't you?' 'We dare not,' he replied. 'Dare not! Dare not till the earth God has given you?' 'It is the Church's,' he said. 'But, come now,' said he, 'and I will explain how it comes to be so.' He went on to say, that one portion of the Campagna was gifted to the convents in Rome, another portion was gifted to the nunneries, another to the hospitals, and another to the pontifical families—that is, to the sons and daughters, or, as they more politely speak in Rome, the nephews and nieces of the popes.

These were the owners of the great Roman plain, and in their hands almost every acre of it was looked up, inaccessible to the plough, and inaccessible to the people. Even in our country it is found that corporations make the worst possible landlords, and that lands, in the possession of such bodies, are less productive than estates managed in the ordinary way. But what sort of farming are we to expect from such corporations as we find in the city of Rome? What skill or capital have a brotherhood of lazy monks to enable them to cultivate their lands? What enterprise or interest have a sisterhood of nuns to farm their property? They know they shall have their lifetime of it, and that is all they care for. Accordingly, they let their lands for grazing, on payment of a mere trifle of annual rent, and so the Campagna lies unploughed and unsown. A tract of land, extending from Civita Vecchia to well nigh the gates of Rome—which would make a Scotch dukedom, or a German principality—belonging to the *San Spirito*, does little more, I was told, than pay its working. The land labours under an eternal entail, which binds it over to perpetual sterility. It is God's—i.e., it is the Church's—and no one—no, not even the Pope—dare alienate a single acre of it. No Pope would set his face to such a piece of reformation, well knowing that every brotherhood and sisterhood in Rome would rise in arms against him. And even though he should screw his courage to such an encounter, he is met by the canon law. The Pope who shall dare to secularize a foot-breadth of land, which has been gifted to the Church, is by that law accursed. Here, then, is the price which the Romans pay for the Papacy. Outside the walls of the city lie the estates of the Church, depastured, at certain seasons, by a few herds, tended by men clad in skins, and looking as savage as the animals they tend; while inside the walls are some hundred thousand Romans, enduring from one year to another all the miseries of a partial famine. Nor is there the least hope that matters will mend. While the Papacy lasts, the Campagna, once so populous and rich, will be what it now is—a desert.

"All have heard of the Pontine marshes—a chain of swamps which run along the foot of the Volseian mountains, and are the birthplace of the malaria, a white vapour which creeps snake-like over the country, and smites, with deadly fever, whoever is so foolhardy as to sleep on the Campagna during its continuance. These marshes, I understand, are increasing; and the malaria is increasing in consequence. That fatal vapour now comes every summer to the gates of Rome; it covers a certain quarter of the city, which, I was told, is uninhabited during its continuance; and if nothing be done to lessen the malaria at its source, it will, some century or half century after this, envelope in its pestilential folds the whole of the Eternal City, and the travellers will gaze with awe on the blackened ruins of Rome, as he does on those of Babylon on the plain of Chaldea; so, I say, will he see the heaps of Rome on the wasted bosom of the Campagna deserted by man, and become the dwelling-place of the dragons and satyrs of the wilderness. But matters are not come to this yet. An English company (for every attempted improvement in Rome has originated with English skill and capital) was formed some years ago to drain the Pontine marshes. They went to the Vatican; and Sir Humphrey Davy being then in Rome, they induced him to accompany them, in the hope that his high scientific authority would have some weight with the Pontiff. They stated their object, which was to drain the Pontine marshes. They assured the Pontiff, Gregory XVI., that it was practicable to a very large extent; and they pointed out its manifold advantages, as regarded the health of the country and other things.

"'Drain the Pontine marshes!' exclaimed Pope Gregory, in a tone of surprise and horror at this new project of these everlasting scheming English heretics. 'Drain the Pontine marshes! God made the Pontine marshes; and if He had intended them to be drained, He would have drained them Himself.' Pope Gregory would not allow even an iron bridge to be thrown across the Tiber. The Romans solicited this, to get rid of a ferry-boat by which the Tiber is crossed at the point in question. But no; an iron bridge there could not be. And why? 'Ah! said Gregory, if we have an iron bridge in Rome, we shall next have an iron road; and if we have an iron road, "adieu," the Papacy will take its departure, and that by steam.'

"But the Pope had another reason for withholding his sanction from the iron bridge; and as that reason shows how some wretched crotchets, springing from their miserable system, is sure to start upon all occasions and defeat the most needed improvement, I shall here state what it was. At the point where it was wished to have the bridge erected, the Tiber flows between two populous regions of the city. There is, in consequence, a considerable ebb-course, and the passengers are carried over, as I have said, in a ferry-boat, for which a couple of baiocchi is paid by each person to the ferryman. The money thus collected forms part of the revenues of a certain church in Rome, where the priests who receive it sing masses for the souls in purgatory. If you abolish the ferry boat, it was argued, you will abolish the penny; and if you abolish the penny, what is to become of the poor souls in purgatory? And for the sake of the souls, the living were forced to do without the bridge."

## Correspondence.

### THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

KIND SIR—I wrote a letter to you about four weeks ago, describing my situation in life, and containing several remarks on your fine-printed paper, and concerning your crying down the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church, and requiring of you to be so kind and charitable as to tell us poor benighted Papists, as we are called by several of our brethren, which of the sects that call themselves Christians is the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, which you (I suppose) and we truly and surely profess to believe and obey; which of them is our Saviour's holy spouse, his love, his dove, his undefiled; which of them did he sanctify, cleansing it by the laver of water in the Word of Life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish; which of them, kind sir, is the pillar and ground of truth; which of them is that great city compared to a great city on the top of a mountain, so visible that the people of all nations are more or less flowing into her from her foundation to this present day; which of them is that great city on whose walls there are strong towers full of watchmen that hold not their peace day nor night, but crying out to their flocks to be aware of the wolves and tigers that surround them; which of them is that visible Church in all ages that men and women that refuse to hear and obey her precepts, are compared to a heathen or a publican; in a word, sir, which of them have the visible succession of head pastor from our Saviour's time to the present day? Let there not one link of the golden chain be broken; it makes no odds to us if some of them were loose in their morals, or whether they chopped or changed discipline as often as the laws, or customs, or climate required it, as long as they did not change the articles of our faith, which they could not do under God's eternal promise, that the gates of hell should not prevail against his Church; nor it makes no odds to us if some of them were turned out for their faults, and others elected in their place; nor it makes no odds, too, whether they resided in Italy, France, England, Germany, or Spain; wherever they reside they are still the heads of the Church, according to our Saviour's promise, who said, "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."—St. John x. 16. It would be good for all the sectaries if they would ponder well on this tenth chapter of St. John; if they did they would not be so apt to separate from the guidance of God's visible shepherd. See also St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians; our Redeemer prayed to his Heavenly Father to have all his followers one, as he and his Heavenly Father were one. So you see, kind sir, there is no room left by our Saviour nor St. Paul for Christians to be divided into sects or parties, but that they should be all one, under one head shepherd, called and consecrated, and elected in due succession from our Saviour's time down to the present day.

Now, sir, if you can, prove that the Romans lost this succession; be pleased to prove to us (according to common sense and reason, for we know no other) which of the sects that call themselves Christians have them signs I described to you. So you see there is but one only to have them according to our Saviour, St. Paul, and the apostles' traditional creed—ninth article of said creed. Mind, kind sir, if you do not prove to us that your favourite Church have the signs I mentioned—that is, unity, holiness, and catholicity—do it in your next CATHOLIC LAYMAN, or never again send us one of them; for we will consider them antiochian. Excuse my blunders, for I know no grammar.

Sir, your most obedient humble servant,  
JOHN MILLER.

We received John Miller's former letter, but from press of matter were unable then to attend to it, as the importance of the question contained in it deserved.

As the letter which we now print contains all that was important in the former letter, repeated in the same words, it is now unnecessary to print that former letter.

John Miller asks us "Which of the sects, that call themselves Christians, is that Catholic Church, the communion of saints? which of them is our Saviour's holy spouse, his love, his dove, his undefiled one? which of them did he sanctify, cleansing it by the laver of water in the Word of Life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish?"—Ephesians v. 26 & 27.

To this we answer—  
FIRST.—Since the way of life is narrow, and there be few who find it, the Church of the saved cannot be the LARGEST visible society of professing Christians.

SECOND.—EVERY MEMBER of that Church which is the spouse of Christ, shall be with Christ in glory for ever; for Isaiah says, "ALL thy children shall be taught of the

\* Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chap. v. verses 26, 27.